

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1993 • \$5.95

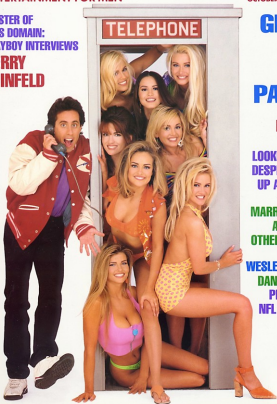
MASTER OF
TV'S DOMAIN:
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS
**JERRY
SEINFELD**

**GIRLS
OF
THE
PAC10**

**RHONDA
SHEAR**
LOOKING GOOD
DESPITE BEING
UP ALL NIGHT

**MARRIED GUYS
AND THEIR
OTHER WOMEN**

**WESLEY SNIPES
DAN JENKINS
PLAYBOY'S
NFL PREVIEW**





"Bernice, doesn't that young man know how to say goodnight?"



RHONDA IS UP ALL NIGHT



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

EVERY out-of-work actor waiting tables at Santa Monica, California's hippest beach bistro wants to take Rhonda Shear's order. A stand-up comic and the host of USA Network's campy B-movie showcase *USA: Up All Night*, Shear is too busy to notice four table jockeys flipping coins to win the honor of serving her. At the moment, this scenic wonder of mile-high blondeness is merely mining one-liners from her *PLAYBOY* photo shoot. "Great idea I had for me to spend hours holding a pose popping out of a clothes dryer, right?" she says, sounding like a cross between Raquel Welch and Joan Rivers. "By the end of it, I was hanging by a pubic hair. When Laine Kazan told me she broke her leg doing her *PLAYBOY* shoot years ago, I said, 'Good thing nobody asked me to do that position.'"

For Shear, too much—whether it's jewelry or anything—is never enough. Consider her traffic-stopping miniskirt, wraparound sunglasses or spangly earrings, which could double as chandeliers at Zsa

meet rhonda shear,
the queen of
late-night b movies

Zsa's house. Her career is likewise in overdrive, with stand-up comedy gigs, two TV pilots awaiting go-ahead, a *Rhonda's Guide to Hollywood* movie, her Rhonda 900 phone lines and a forthcoming array of Rhonda merchandise. She digs deep into her handbag to fish out mosh notes from nighthawks

"Women's fantasies are like Harlequin novels. It's all in the buildup. You know, 'He walked into the room and he was gorgeous, hot, sexy.' Men are direct. They turn the page and it's 'There she was, sitting on my face.'"



addicted to her Friday late-night TV show, which she often hosts from a heart-shaped bed.

Up *All Night* features such B-movie gems as *Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell* and *Satan's Cheerleaders*. "I'm a total media slut and a terrible, terrible tease," confesses the woman whom fans have dubbed their Midnight Morsel and



"I'm Disney on the inside and Miss Sex Bomb on the outside. I'm so square, my entire record collection is Broadway musicals and soundtracks from *My Fair Lady* to *Phantom of the Opera*. Every time I speak to Ann-Margret's manager, I'm begging, 'Please, doesn't she want to have a female comic open for her?'"





"Here I was, naked, doing splits in a bowling alley, and ten lanes away, guys weren't even looking. I mean, those were serious bowlers. The only thing on my mind was, Please take this shot before I die."

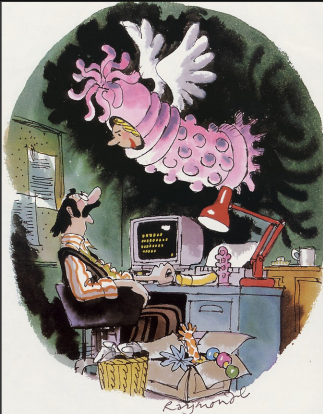
Princess of Perpetual Blondeness. "I have a steady boyfriend, but I'm a flirt. I want every guy to feel he could have a date with me." Thousands are feeling just that way thanks to Shear's booming 900 lines. "When a company approached me because of Jessica Hahn's success with Love Line, I told them, I'll do it only if



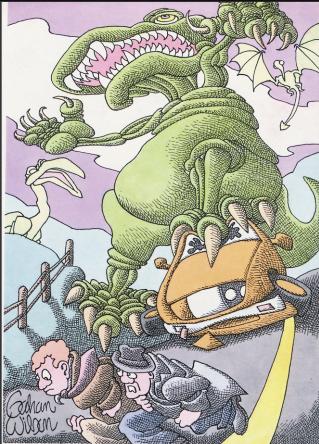
it charges tons of money," she says, fluffing her hair. "So, for \$4.95 a minute, guys can talk to Rhonda's Friends, or they can call Rhonda's Fun Line for \$1.99 a minute. People leave messages that are more risqué than my fan mail. On Rhonda's Private Phone Club, I'm the madam and all the girls walk around serving phone, not liquor. Something for every guy." She is a one-woman industry. "I'm starting to layer the fluff," she says, "with substance. I'm so focused." Who says comedy isn't pretty?



"Ah, here's my attorney now."



"I didn't know there was a muse of kinky-sex-aids sales literature."



"Anyhow, the article in the 'Times' says they were only hibernating and the greenhouse effect has brought them out."



miss october's
our favorite
to win,
place and show



BETTING ON JENNY

scanning the test sheet like a railbird. "You may as well make it a challenge." You may as well make it a challenge. There is one thing you must know right away about Miss October: The 20-year-old Chicago girl is "definitely the kind of person who likes to take a risk." Calling to set up our interview, I offered lunch; Jenny countered with skydiving, her latest love. "It's incredible, the scariest 30 seconds of your life," she said, ignoring the cowardly gulps coming over the phone. We settled on a day at the races, where only our bank accounts were in danger. Jenny has been going to the track with her dad since she was ten. "It's fun to gamble, and I usually do pretty well," she says. No kidding—in the third race she picked the winner and the runner-up. The luck of the Irish is definitely going Jenny McCarthy's way. Early this year she decided to try her hand at modeling, and she sent some photos to a Chicago agency. One week later she had an interview at PLAYBOY. Two weeks later she was shooting her centerfold. "This is my first modeling job—can you believe it?" she asks,

"I don't like betting the favorite—there's no money there," says Jenny McCarthy.



"I don't
even pay
attention
to the odds
and I seem
to do OK."

shaking her head. "It's been boom, boom, boom."

When it comes to family, Jenny calls herself "one of the luckiest people in the world. My mom and dad brought us up in such a healthy way." The second of four sisters, she grew up in "a very, very Catholic neighborhood" on Chicago's South Side. "My dad worked three jobs to put us through Catholic school," she says. He also needed the money to keep Jenny in food. As a wee slip of a lass, her prodigious appetite earned her the nickname Truck Driver. Luckily, she burned off the calories playing "every single sport there is." She was also head cheerleader. And if that weren't enough, for years she has worked at a neighborhood grocery store that carries *PLAYBOY*. Jenny says: "Guys were always telling me, 'You should be on the cover of *PLAYBOY*, not behind this cash register.' I'd be like, 'Yeah, right, that'll be the day.'" Not that she couldn't picture it. "When I was in seventh grade, I stood on the Oak Street beach and looked up at the sign on the *Playboy* Building and thought, 'God, someday I'd love to be there.' And now here I am."

If poetic justice prevailed at the track, a horse named Gents Delight would have won



A born jock, Jenny was MVP of her field hockey and softball teams. Now she wants to become a most-valuable Playmate (at right she signs in with the runway receptionist). "While I was posing for my test shots I kept thinking, I know I'll make the cut," she says. "If I try something, I have to be the best."









In Miss October's Irish neighborhood, "everybody knows everything about everybody. When this issue comes out, Jerry McCarthy will be the talk of the town." As for the reaction at her Catholic high school: "Boy, are those nuns going to be shocked. Their habits are going to fly right off their heads."

When it comes to nudity, Jenny is a child of the city. "We live close to the neighbors, and our windows face directly across—so you learn to cover up," *JUNIOR* Contributing Photographer Pompeo Posar, she says, "really loosened me up. The first time was nerve-racking. I was so scared I couldn't move. But after a while I got the hang of it." The proof is in the pictures.



the sixth race, and Jenny would have walked away with a pocketful of cash. Alas, Miss October's horse came in a distant third. "Doesn't that stink?" she says. It's not the money Jenny's worried about, though. "I am the least materialistic person you'll ever meet," she says. "All I really need is a home, enough money to get by and a good Beaver Cleaver family, like my family." She'll use her Playmate earnings to return to college, where she's put in two years toward a nursing degree. She also wants to pursue an acting career. "I could see myself as Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct*, playing a psychopath with an ice pick. Why not? It's nothing like the kind of person I am, but I would want to do it for the challenge." She laughs. "I have so many goals, and I want to try to reach them all." If anyone can, it's Jenny McCarthy. Bet on it.—BOB DAILY



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Jenny McCarthy

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jenny McCarthy
 Bust: 38 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
 HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 11-1-72 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago

AMBITIONS: To succeed in TV land, and eventually get a house, a husband and a Beaver Clever family.

TURN-ONS: Guys on Harleys, daredevils, men who aren't afraid to cry or show their emotions

TURN-OFFS: Bullies, steroid monsters, show-offs, guys who give you their business cards and say "Call me, babe, I can make you a star."

VIRTUES: I'm friendly, spontaneous, adventurous — and I can catch a walleye like nobody else.

VICES: Pizza, Chinese food, cheeseburgers, french fries — I eat too much!

WHY I COULD NEVER BE PRESIDENT: I hyperventilate whenever I have to talk in front of a crowd.

MY PHILOSOPHY: Live it up, but don't do anything you'll regret when you're 80.



8th grade:
Air Jenny



2-4-6-8
Cheerleading was
really great!



U.S. graduation:
Hair Jenny

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The First Lady was crossing the street in front of the White House when a car came screeching around the corner, heading right for her. A young man nearby ran over and pushed her to safety at the last moment.

Getting to her feet, Mrs. Clinton profusely thanked her rescuer and asked what she might do in return for his saving her life.

"Put me in the federal witness protection program, I guess," he replied.

"But why?" the puzzled First Lady asked.

"Because when my father, the doctor, finds out whose life I saved, it's a good bet he's going to want to kill me."



Three old-timers were relating their most exciting experiences. The first, a retired sheriff, described the terrifying excitement of a shoot-out with the Dalton gang. The others agreed it sounded pretty exciting.

The second gentleman was a retired fireman. He told about a huge fire at the university, where young coeds jumped naked from their dorm windows into his arms. The other gentlemen all agreed that sounded pretty exciting.

The third retiree began his story: "I was an undertaker. One night I got a call to pick up a body that was under a sheet in a hotel room. When I got there, the guy had a huge erection sticking straight up. I knew I couldn't take him through the lobby that way, so I found an old broom handle and hit that erection just as hard as I could." The old man paused. "You talk about excitement," he continued. "I was in the wrong damn room!"

We've heard that a major auto-insurance company is offering a special package for Jewish mothers. It's called a "my-fault" policy.

Dozens of art aficionados gathered at a downtown gallery for the exhibition of a highly publicized new artist. One art critic asked the creator how he had managed to achieve such interesting effects. "It's really very simple," the artist explained. "I put a canvas on the floor, dump paint on it and then have two or three nude models slither all over it."

"That must be quite thrilling."

"Not especially," the artist replied. "But clearing the brushes is a kick."

While on vacation in Africa, the traveler entered his hotel's handicap golf tournament. He told the starter that his handicap was 15 and he was assigned a caddy who carried not only his clubs but a rifle as well.

On the first hole, the golfer hit into the tall grass. As he was looking for his ball, he was pounced on by a lion, but his caddy quickly aimed his rifle and killed the animal.

On the second hole, the shaken duffer hit into a thick stand of trees. Searching for the ball, he was attacked by a leopard. Again, the caddy killed the beast.

On the par-three third hole, the golfer hit into the lake in front of the green. He reached down to retrieve the ball, but he was grabbed by a crocodile. This time, the caddy stood by without raising his gun. The frantic fellow beat the croc on the head with his golf club until it finally let go.

Climbing up the bank, the golfer turned to the caddy. "Damn, why didn't you shoot?"

"Bwana, with a 15 handicap, on a par three you get no extra shots."

After discovering he had the gift of healing, a young evangelist was working his way through a revival-meeting crowd. He demonstrated his powers by making a blind man see, a deaf man hear and a lame woman walk. Finally, he approached a man with a cast on his arm, who suddenly jumped up and stumbled backward. "Keep your hands off me," the man screamed. "I'm on workman's comp."



We understand there's yet another blonde invention: ejection seats for helicopter pilots.

Faded graffiti spotted in an old hippie hang-out: MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR. Underneath someone had added, NO BOTH—GET MARRIED.

Although they're trying to keep it hush-hush, U.S. sporting goods manufacturers are concerned over reports that the Japanese are on the verge of perfecting a cordless banger.

Send a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, ROOMER, 689 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"It's raining out, sir. Would you mind if I just jog around your desk on my lunch hour?"



*"Hurt? Of course I'm hurt, Edith. Where do you find
such fantastic girls?"*

Don Madden



"Playful innovation," hell! You know I'm on a no-cholesterol diet."



"You ain't going to be a headless horseman for long, sugar."

WOMEN OF THE PAC TEN

in the land of the setting sun, we found a rising generation of women



text by
DEAN KUIPERS

THE AMERICAN West has not lost its anarchist soul. By that I mean a spirit of resistance to all kinds of control, a quest for genuine personal freedom. Just look at the women of the Pac Ten. Well, I know that you're looking at them. You should listen to them, too.

Here's what they told me they want more than anything else: to play all aspects of their personalities freely, without anyone—man or woman—getting in their faces. These women are bored by social mores and are on the defensive against coercion and groupthink, no matter how subtle. They've decided to take their brains, curves, tattoos, nipple (and other) rings, Amazonian-poison-toad studies and no-scaphos conscious-



ness right into the professional world with you, me and everybody else, and damn the torpedoes.

Yeah, I know. They sound like a Virginia Slims ad. You're groaning. "I can't even talk to these women." Wrong. Three dozen or so interviews led me right to the bottom lines. To wit: Some college feminists love to be naked in front of people, and a lot of them love glamour. Most have been reading Dad's PLAYBOYS since they were kids and regarded an appearance here as a validation, an arrival.

Notice that I'm counting most of the interviewees as feminists. It was usually the first thing they wanted to talk about. Bad conscience? Sometimes. But they offered this gentle, though firm, reminder to the women's movement: This is a liberation struggle, and one goal is personal freedom. A woman has

In a nod to equal time for the happily undressed, we lead off with Andrew Martinez (above), a.k.a. the Naked Guy, who was recently expelled from the University of California at Berkeley for attending classes in the nude. Only the board of regents seemed to care. Here to cheer him on are (opposite page, top row, from left) UC Berkeley's Betty Yu, Texas native Mariteresa Carter (who loves big steaks and motorcycles) and Jennie Jouxett, plus Stanford's Kim McCreery. They share sly grins with (middle row, from left) Lynn Enoch, a Stanfordite who likes "people who stand up for what they believe in," Berkeley's Andrea Marquez, and Anna Vales, also of Stanford, who can't decide whether to be a poet or a lawyer. The well-grounded women are (from left) Stanford's Justine Martinez and Berkeley's Kristin Kearney.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN, ARNY FREYTAG AND DAVID MECEY





From Arizona State come these natural beauties, grander than the Canyon. It must be something in the water. Jessica Hagar (far left) sculpts nudes and "loves to get really messy." Christine Hanson (left) is a champ equestrienne in pre-revolutionary studies.



Arizona State's Kelly Lynn (above) coaches gymnastics and basketball. She would like to continue coaching or become a school principal. Her school-mate Tara Tamiko Steele (bottom left) shows her mother's Japanese heritage. Jodi Lewis (opposite page, bottom) appeared in our April 1993 group shot at Arizona State. We prefer to see her alone.



University of Oregon's Amy Summers (left) models, studies marine biology and hopes "to live in a beautiful place and teach scuba." We would never miss class. Oregonian Laura Christi (below) is a dance major and model who lives for the stage.





Do you feel like you need a cold shower? UCLA's sun-and-water-drenched Rachel Lee (above) grew up in Seal Beach, just outside of Los Angeles, making it much more essential to drop everything and learn how to surf. Speaking of which, Southern Cal's Mali Bergman (top left) hails from Hawaii and rides the waves when she's not studying business and working toward owning an aerobics gym. She wants to meet people "who share my passion for life." Accounting major Jane Harding (bottom left) performs in the USC marching band's flag line and—you guessed it—is nuts about the beach.



UCLA's Kristin Stickles (above) is outstanding in our field of deerees. Not only is "collecting condoms" first on her list of hobbies, but she also goes for "any sport with action—no golf." What school wouldn't want this sociology major wearing its logo? We like the net game played by UCLA's Wendy Leydig (top right). Stanford's Justine Matere (right) knows what's in when school's out. Justine teaches aerobics, runs varsity crew, is on the synchronized swimming team and also works as a reporter and editor. She says that she loves "traveling and scandals." We want all the details, Justine.



Stacy Addison (left) wanted to show the world that Berkeley girls have bodies as well as brains. We're convinced. This anthropology major carries a 4.0 GPA and is also on the soccer team. Berkeley's Jennie Louart (above) is obviously in the right field; she writes fantasy novels for children. Jennie's hobbies include riding mountain bikes, weight lifting and jet-skiing. Crystal Luchetti (below) is studying nursing at Arizona State and loves warm summer nights. Sounds like a cure for the common cold.





Oregon State's Karen Chapin (top left) is an interior-merchandising major who went to a small-town high school—there were only 11 other students in her class. Jill Ely (above), also at Oregon State, is sweating toward owning an athletic club. Michelle Barnard (bottom left) and Kathleen Lenore (below) are classmates at Washington State University. Kathleen has four brothers and says her family "breeds boys." We're glad they made an exception.





These Arizona women have changed the way we think about the desert. University of Arizona wild things (right) have good reason to celebrate Jennifer Young (below). Her ability to express herself can't hurt her career in communications. Opposite page: Art history major Kristin Anderson (bottom), also at Arizona, was voted "most likely to marry for money" in high school. We were sleepless in Seattle: University of Washington's Erika Olds (near left) is trilingual and wants to be a photojournalist. Her classmate Kendra Duby (far left) walks tall at 6'2" and aims at family counseling and sex therapy. Men, the line forms to the right.



Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON

I COULDN'T FIND A SINGLE PARKING PLACE LEFT, SO I HAD TO PARK IN THE HANDICAPPED ZONE.



EXCUSE ME, BUT THE TERM "HANDICAPPED" IS POLITICALLY INCORRECT. TRY USING "DIFFERENTLY ABLED."



UH...RIGHT... SO ALONG COMES A POLICEMAN...

"POLICEMAN" IS SEXIST. TRY "POLICE OFFICER."



UH...OK... ALONG COMES THIS BLACK POLICE OFFICER...

THE TERM "BLACK" IS POLITICALLY INCORRECT, TOO. TRY "AFRICAN AMERICAN."



CAN I JUST FINISH MY STORY WITHOUT ANY MORE INTERRUPTIONS?



IT'S POLITICALLY INCORRECT TO OBJECT WHEN YOU'RE BEING POLITICALLY CORRECTED.

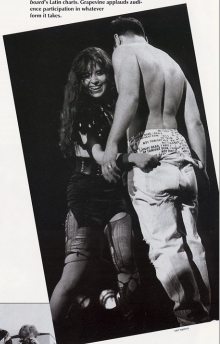


GRAPEVINE



Gloria in Excelsius

Mexican diva GLORIA TREVI is a pop sensation and sex symbol in Latin America. She is bringing her brand of cross-cultural delirium to the U.S. concert stage, from singing *Jailhouse Rock* in Spanish to getting her audiences to relax the dress code. Trevi is already on *Billboard*'s Latin charts. *Grapevine* applauds audience participation in whatever form it takes.



We See London, We See France, We See Alexandra's Underpants

British actress ALEXANDRA SCULLEY has appeared in the theater in England and on American TV in *Wings* this past spring. For the camera, Alexandra proves the old adage: You can go anywhere in basic black.



Hot Shots

A critically acclaimed bunch of American and Irish lads called BLACK 47 are creating quite a stir. Look for their LP, *Fire of Freedom*. Catch them in clubs and concerts. See for yourself what all the fuss is about.



Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?

Mrs. Rod Stewart, a.k.a. supermodel RACHEL HUNTER, can answer that musical question without any help from her hubby. In fact, Mrs. S. hangs out better than most celebs and flashes a touch of skin, as if to say "a peck is all you'll get." It's enough.

Model A Plus

YENDELIA is the Elizabeth Arden cosmetics model who graced the cover of the 1993 *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Swedish by birth, international by acclaim, she's hot.

The Cat in the Hat

DWIGHT YODAKAM is a songwriter, singer, performer and producer (along with Peter Fonda) of *Southern Rapture*, which had a theatrical run in L.A. Yodakam's LP *This Time* has gone gold. This crowpoke is no bumpkin.



The Best Catch in Fishnet

Knockout actress SUZANNE SLATER had the lead in *Mind Twister*, co-starring Telly Savalas and Richard Roundtree, and co-starred in *Cartel* with Miles O'Keefe. She has appeared on TV in *Days of Our Lives*. She can appear with us any time.



BREW BAEDEKER

"Civilization began not with wine, but with beer," argues Michael Jackson, one of the world's foremost authorities on brews and brewing. His latest book, *Michael Jackson's Beer Companion*, covers "more than 150 beers and 41 brewing styles from around the world." Wheat, smoked, fruit, cream, rye and black beers plus mild, bitter, pale, brown, barley, Scotch and Irish ales, as well as porters, stouts, lagers and more are all chronicled in a way that will leave you licking your lips for a foaming glass of nuds. And there's also a wine lover's guide to beer, a gazetteer of sources of supply, a glossary of beer terms, a guide to cooking with beer and more than 500 color photographs, plus maps and pictures of bottles and labels. The price: \$35 at bookstores. Or call Running Press in Philadelphia at 800-345-3359 to order.



CHILL OUT

Pack a Kool Kerchief before you head for the Keys and stay coolheaded all day long. Space-age chemicals enable the Kool Kerchief to retain its coolness for hours after being soaked in cold water. If there's a breeze, the Kool Kerchief will keep you even cooler. A variety of patterns are available, plus subtle solid colors and hot neons. The price: \$14.95, postpaid, from the Guinn Co. in El Paso, Texas, at 800-756-7525.



DEATH BECOMES YOU

With Halloween looming ominously ahead, Jeff Death and his merry band of ghosts at Death Studios, 431 Pine Lake Avenue, LaPorte, Indiana 46350 have returned to their gory drawing boards to create a quartet of full-head masks that are guaranteed to scare the bejesus out of guests at your costume bash. Up top is the ever-unpopular swamp witch (\$74), who's not a pretty sight. Next to her: Nosferatu (\$69), the infamous title character and silent stalker from the classic German vampire film of the Twenties. The hit-man clown is Shoggy from *Killer Klowns from Outer Space* (\$114). (It's about two feet tall, in case you like your hit men big.) And the evil scarecrow (\$64) at the bottom of this nasty heap will frighten more than birds. To order, call Death at 219-362-4321. All prices postpaid. A fier listing about 68 other frightful items, including the truly hideous I, Madman mask (from the movie of the same name), costs \$2.



DREAM HOUSE OF TERROR

Into computer role-playing games? Then you may never escape from *The Legacy Realm of Terror*. It's an IBM-compatible, 3-D, animated horror adventure by MicroProse in which you explore hundreds of evil-infused rooms in the 400-year-old estate you've inherited. Gargoyles, surreal scenery, secret panels, eerie music and realistic sound effects make for a terrifying interactive experience. The price: \$69.95 at computer and game stores.





WATERY GROOVE

If the phrase "spa at sea" brings to mind images of suffering and deprivation over the bounding main, think again. A multi-million-dollar Steiner health spa

has just been christened on the QE2. Its chrome-and-mirrored walls, New Age music and young and attractive female staff give it the atmosphere of a hot club rather than a cold shower. Pre-sport energizing and after-sport aching-muscle treatments are available, along with a huge cold whirlpool and wake-up and morning-after specials that include an exhilarating "jet blitz" with a high-pressure hose. And your post-pampering appetite can be satiated with choices from a nutritious spa menu. Call Canard at 800-221-4770 to sign aboard.



GRINGO ZINGO

Caesar & Me Specialty Foods in Manhattan Beach, California has just turned up the heat with the introduction of Gringo Salsa, a sweet-yet-hot condiment containing five types of peppers and three kinds of vinegar that even the fiery-food freaks at *Club Pepper* magazine labeled "truly different." Both medium and hot Gringos are available by calling 310-796-7223. Two 12-ounce jars of either cost \$12, postpaid. Fire when ready.



LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLLS

Old Rolls-Royce leather seats never die, they're just sent to Groupe Tremie, an exclusive German company in Hamburg that turns them into wood-veneer armchairs that electronically tilt, raise and lower and have Rolls ashtrays and lighters built in. All for just \$29,000 a pair (or about one fifth the price of a new Rolls). Write Morris Diamond, Entertainment Today, P.O. Box 3216, Beverly Hills, California 90202 for more information.

VIEW ONE FOR THE GIPPER

If you don't know a nickel back from a running back, Regulation Enterprises' hour-long VHS tape, *Video Rules of Football*, with commentary by Bo Schembechler, covers everything that happens on the gridiron from terminology, rules and procedures to penalties and officials' signals. The price: \$24, postpaid, sent to Regulation at 24471 West Ten Mile Road, Southfield, Michigan 48034. For fledgling duffers, a \$27 golf rules video is also available.



OH, OH, OLIVIA!

"Olivia is for the Eighties and Nineties what Alberto Vargas was for the Forties and Sixties," wrote Hef in his introduction to *Let Them Eat Cheesecake: The Art of Olivia*. And as you know, her sexy color illustrations have appeared many times in *PLAYBOY*. Now, about 90 of Olivia's best bosomy lovelies have been collected into one special hardcover that includes comments by Olivia herself on technique, models and the creative process. Price: \$34.70, postpaid, from Ozone Productions at 516-621-8484.



NEXT MONTH



RIC TIO



CARIBBEAN CAUSE



NEIMAN'S PARIS



BEST CINEMA

HOW IT ENDED—A LAWYER ON A CARIBBEAN VACATION POSES THE WRONG QUESTION TO NEWFOUND FRIENDS. IT'S NOT PRETTY—FICTION BY **JAY MCINERNEY**

SEX AND THE SINGLE PROFESSOR—IF THE SEX POLICE HAVE THEIR WAY MAKING A PASS AT A UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA STUDENT COULD RESULT IN A PROFESSOR'S LOSS OF RANK AND TENURE. AN ALARMING REPORT FROM THE LATEST SEXUAL BATTLEFIELD—BY **DAVID HORNIG**

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY AND LINDA—PRESIDENTIAL PALS LINDA (DESIGNING WOMEN) BLOODWORTH-THOMASON AND TV BILLIONAIRE HUSBAND HARRY THOMASON HELPED BILL CLINTON WIN AN ELECTION. CAN THE WHITE HOUSE ROMANCE WITH HOLLYWOOD AND TV MONEY LAST?—ARTICLE BY **MICHAEL LEAHY**

BILL WALSH, FORMER GRIDIRON GURU OF THE 40ERS, HAD EVERYTHING A COACH COULD WANT: THREE SUPER BOWL RINGS AND A JOB AS A NETWORK COMMENTATOR. BUT HE WENT BACK TO STANFORD. WHAT A GUY!—A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **CRAIG VETTER**

LEROI NEIMAN'S PARIS—THE CITY OF LIGHT IS A FAVORITE HAUNT OF THE ARTIST AND ILLUSTRATOR. AN

EXCLUSIVE PORTFOLIO OF FOLLIES, SHOWGIRLS, CAFES, RACING RALLIES AND HIGH-STAKES BACCARAT

BRIAN DENNEHY—EX-TRUCKER, EX-STOCKBROKER AND EX-MARINE, OUR MOST PRODIGIOUS CHARACTER ACTOR MOUTHS OFF ABOUT SHARON STONE, SINÉAD O'CONNOR, HOWLING COYOTES AND THE MILITARY. IT'S A 20 QUESTIONS YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE—BY **DAVID HENSIN**

JOYCE CAROL OATES—SHE LIKES TO TACKLE BIG STORIES, FROM THE UNDERWATER TERROR OF CHAPARRALDICK TO THE FASCINATING VIOLENCE OF BOXING. NO ONE WRITES MORE—FROM NOVELS TO ESSAYS—BETTER THAN THIS PROLIFIC TALENT. **LAWRENCE GROBEL** GOES THE DISTANCE IN A KNOCKOUT PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

INTERACTIVE HOI—THE INFORMATION HIGHWAY IS RUNNING FOUR LANES INTO YOUR LIVING ROOM. PLUS INTO WHAT TO EXPECT—BY **DAVID ELDRICH**; PLUS, 500 CHAMNELS—YUP, THAT'S NEXT, AND THEY LEFT OUT THESE? **BOB WIEGER** HAS SOME TIPS FOR THE PROGRAMMERS

PLUS: PLAYMATE **JULIANNA YOUNG**, SEX IN CINEMA, THOSE AMAZING BRAZILIAN TRIPLETS, BOXER **LENNOX LEWIS** IN ROBES AND OUR FALL AUTOMOTIVE REPORT